

THE BETHEL NEWS

Published Every Wednesday by
A. D. BELLINGWOOD, Proprietor.
Bethel, Me.

TERMS: \$1.25 per year, payable in
advance.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12, 1895.

Baccalaureate Sermon.

Before the Graduating Class of Gould's
Academy, May 26th, 1895.
BY REV. F. E. BARTON.

Text.—All things are yours.
1 Cor. 3:21.

This is the first clause of a declaration made by St. Paul to the Corinthians. A startling declaration, surely: "All things are yours." This might be considered in the light of a startling declaration, if it were made to any conceivable class of persons at any conceivable time. Certainly to a little obscure company of people unknown to the world, without social or political influence in the community in which they lived, and with very little of this world's good. "All things are yours." The words seem extravagant; but are they? That is what we want to find out this afternoon. Paul was too great a man, and the results of his preaching of too great importance, for us to say right off that his remarks are extravagant. (Of course, speaking literally, in the ordinary language which men use when speaking of material things, it cannot be said truthfully to any one, not even to a Vanderbilt or a Gould or a Rothschild as for that matter, that "All things are yours." What then does Paul mean? In order to answer, we must inquire a little as to what possession or ownership really implies. Is ownership always the same thing? Was not Paul striking down, through surface speech and surface thinking to deeper facts and realities below? Let us see. To begin with, this is not the utterance Paul has made, conveying the thought that men may have wealth that is not in things; thus, in his second epistle to the Corinthians, he speaks of himself and his fellow laborers as sorrowing, yet always rejoicing; poor, yet making many rich; having nothing, yet possessing all things. It is possible, too, that Jesus hints something of the same kind when he declares that the abundance of a man consists not in the things which he possesses; also in the Beatitudes which says: Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth. Also in the passage that so puzzles the commentators: Verily I say unto you, There is no man that has left house or parents, or brethren, or wife or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in the present time, beside receiving in the life to come, everlasting life. It is incredible that Jesus meant to teach by these words that the legal possessions of those who surrendered and gave up property in this life for Him, should have increased to them many fold in this world. He must have been thinking of something deeper than that. But it is not alone in the Bible that we are taught these lessons: we find the lessons in our daily experience. We even find it built into our very forms of speech. We are continually calling a thousand things ours, in connection with which we do not have the least kind of a legal title. Can you not realize from this, that there are really two kinds of ownership? Relating to us the important fact that those who are generally supposed to own the most really own the least, while those who are supposed to possess little, have great wealth.

What is wealth anyway? Let me declare to you my friends, that in the highest and best sense of the word, it is health, courage, knowledge, love, and faith. Whatever broadens, ennobles, or enriches life.—All these faculties I have enumerated have been included in the capital wealth that has been productive in moving the world by a well directed series of progressive steps since history was first recorded.

Very little wealth—as the world understands the word—was possessed in the dawn of history; yet health, power, courage and faith, led the primeval cave dweller to make a long arm, by throwing a stone to secure his game. Desiring a still longer arm, he built a fence around a pasture. Desiring feet to walk upon the water, he made a tub of hides, a wooden trough, a canoe, a galley, a ship, a steamboat, an electric locomotive. Having a desire to go across the country, he made an ox cart, a wagon, a locomotive, an electric car; wishing to fly in the air, he made a balloon. Desiring to speak across the continent, he made a telegraph. He wished a voice of greater carrying qualities, and he made a phonograph with which he sends his own words, in his own accent, down to his great great grand children, to be born hundreds of years hence. He wished eyes to see more minutely, and he made a microscope, with which he can gaze far down into the depths below his range of vision where he

can watch the Infinite at his work. He also made what is called a spectroscopic which is able to extend his vision billions and billions of miles into space. He has also captured what was formerly (through superstition) called the demon of the sky, and has made it his servant to warm and light his dwelling. May it not be said, of a truth, that the earth, and the fulness thereof, are his? Yes! not only the earth, but the universe. All things are his. To be sure, man cannot arrest the sun in its course, so as to avert the wintry storms and cause perpetual spring to bloom around him, but by the proper exercise of his intelligence, Old Probability is able to foresee the approach of bleak skies rough winds, and to place himself in safety from their injurious effects. These powers of controlling nature, and of accommodating his conduct to its course are the direct results of his rational faculties; and in proportion as they are cultivated, is his sway extended. If rain falls, and the wind blows, and the ocean lashes against the mere animal, it must endure them all, because it cannot control their action, nor protect itself by art from their power. Man while ignorant, continues in a condition almost equally helpless with nature. But let him put forth his proper human capacities, and he then finds himself invested with the power to rear, to build, to fabricate, and to store up provisions; and by availing himself of these resources and accommodating his conduct to the course of nature's law, he is able to smile in safety beside the cheerful fireside, when the elements maintain their fiercest war abroad. "All things are his." There ought to be—and therefore there must be, a way of taking our place and our part in this universe which would put us in harmony with all its facts and laws,—in harmony with each other and with the whole order of things. Then we should realize the perfect will of the Creator and our own highest happiness. How shall we come at this better way? Does it need any change in the order of the world? No! The change must be in ourselves! According to the declaration of the Apostle, who would have us transformed by the renewing of our mind. We must have an invigoration, a mental and moral unfolding. The development in ourselves of a deeper life, with higher principles, and larger powers; we must let the divine powers law their way with us, in short, we must grow.

One thing is better known in our time than it could be in the time of Paul. And that is, that this growth of mind, and heart, and will, is greatly helped by our coming into active and orderly relations with nature and humanity. These relations come to us through the media of heredity and environment. I congratulate you, students of Gould's Academy, and particularly the class of '95, upon the influences which have surrounded you while in the school from which you are about to graduate. You have cause to be grateful, whether you feel it or not. Few of God's children are privileged to spend their childhood and school days in such an atmosphere, socially and otherwise, amid such beautiful scenery as that which surrounds your academy. You should truly thank the Good Father for casting your lines in such pleasant places. During my pastorate here, I have often stood on elevations of land and gazed on this beautiful landscape, thinking all the time, that of a truth, even the strength of the eternal hills arose for my sake. I discover new beauty in it. The river, as it bends and curves along through the valley, presents a sight that I love to gaze upon. The hill sides as they gradually slope upward on either side of the river, interspersed with plains, covered with forests, and broad fields bespeaking a generous cultivation. And as I have looked I have thought how that in that higher and better sense of the word, all these things are mine. And so, also, my friends, these things are yours to-day, and will continue to be yours in the future, as you go forth to life's work, lingering like a sweet memory, if your heart has been brought through faith to a just appreciation of the same. Such have been the influences, young ladies and gentlemen, of the class of '95, surrounding you during childhood and school life. Now that you are to take up new duties which develop upon men and women, these influences should aid you in taking up this work and in performing it faithfully and well.

Indeed, I believe that to be your purpose, according to the motto you have selected, Not how much, but how well. Ours is an age of haste, the wheels whirl, the spindles spin, and shuttles fly, as never before. Rapid transit, short processes, quick results characterize the hurrying years. Short cuts to learning, professional life without due preparation, fortunes before labor, superstructures on slender foundations, and the triumphal processions are the way are made straight—all this foretells disaster and collapse. Your motto is timely. Not how much, but how well.

In this land of civil and religious progress, where woman has been invited to share the professional honors and responsibilities of the land, lending the refining influence of her voice as well as presence, in helping to evangelize the world, may you, in the years to come,—when you shall have taken upon yourselves the responsibilities of life, answer the call of God, either by word, or voice, or influence. You will find, if you have not already done so, that truth, virtue and knowledge do not have uninterrupted progress in the world; or in other words, that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. This is the law of progress and development. The world will soon be your school room,—class of '95 never was there a time when the Apostles words had a deeper significance: "All things are yours." In the lower and poorer sense of wealth, which is of the flesh and of the earth only you may not all be rich. But in the higher sense, which is of the soul and of heaven, there is not one of us but may be rich with a wealth infinite in value, and lasting as God.

The world is your Father's house. Throw wide open the windows of your soul. Reach up for the highest, while living as a child of God, and an heir of all the best things in earth or heaven.

GILBERT TYLER has recently purchased a horse.

Fishing parties are coming to this place almost every day and are having grand success.

Mr. Dodge from Mass. is stopping at the C. Davis place and is furnishing most of the neighbors with trout.

Miss Persis Foster has been stopping at G. Otis's.

Eugene Briggs is home from Boston.

Harry N. Miles has returned from Boston.

Byron Harden has been at home for a few days.

Tax-collector Twitchell was in West Bethel Friday.

W. D. Miles is farming quite extensively this year.

G. B. Lowell, and his son Ira, went to Hanover Saturday.

George W. Briggs, of Albany, called on friends here Sunday.

Bennie Keadall, of North Paris, was in town Friday and Saturday.

Rev. A. Hamilton will preach in Bean's Hall next Sunday at 2.30, p. m.

Dana B. Grant, of Locke's Mills, was in town Friday and Saturday selling spectacles.

E. G. Wheeler is preparing for a rainy day by reshingling the roof of his house.

Crows are becoming troublesome, and visit fields of corn and potatoes in the early morn.

The Steam-Mill has been shut down for a few days to put in Machinery for saving staves.

E. R. Briggs is working for the Bethel News in this village and vicinity, and met with excellent success the first two days.

Milton Holt, after filling his store with a general variety of new goods, has just put in a large stock of tin-ware from a spoon to a wash boiler.

SPRAY PUMP TO LET.
Hastings Bros. have a Douglas Spray Pump for spraying fruit trees, which they will let at reasonable rates. Anyone wishing to spray their apple or other fruit trees, can make arrangements for the spray by calling at the store.
Hastings Bros., Bethel, Me.

ASSIGNMENT SALE.
Pursuant to an Order from the Hon. Judge of the Court of Insolvency for the County of Oxford, State of Maine, I shall sell at Public Auction, on the twelfth day of June, A. D. 1895, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, on the premises, the equity of redemption, subject to all dower claims, in the homestead farm, formerly of Harold B. Chapman, situated in said Bethel, and known as the Gilbert Chapman homestead.

C. M. Wormell, Assignee.

Rubber Stamps
AND SUPPLIES.
Everything in this line at the lowest possible prices. Send 2 stamps for Catalogue and terms. Address, FRED I. FARWELL, JR., BETHEL, MAINE.

C. L. DAVIS,
General Trucking and Dealer in
COAL, WOOD, &c.
Crocking of every kind promptly attended to. Orders to be left at 208.

C. L. DAVIS,
BETHEL, MAINE.

N. F. BROWN,
— Dealer in —

Stoves,
Hardware,
Paints, Oils, Etc.,
BETHEL, MAINE.

SOUTH BETHEL.

Strawberries are beginning to ripen. When are our highways to be mended?

L. W. Russell is making some nice croquets.

Wm. Clark has a fine lot of nice chickens.

Mrs. D. S. Cushman returned from Berlin Saturday.

Mrs. Stephen Abbott from Denver, Col. came to Mr. L. W. Russell's for a summer visit.

Another committee has been chosen to buy another lot of new books. The Circle is doing a good work and deserves support.

The roads through Poverty Hollow are a disgrace to the town, county and state and the people of this section begin to think it time, some of the highway money was expended here.

J. K.

THE TURFMAN.
Morelli will race no more.

The next thing is to be a cork track. The gray gelding Silver Ore, 2:19½, by St. Bel.

The horse of the future must be bred for a special purpose.

When traveling on the cars, Alix lies down to rest.

"John R. Gentry will be the first horse to beat two minutes," says McHenry.

Instead of being raced, it is likely that Alix will be turned out in California.

Horses with bad legs have often been wintered in Canada with good results.

Directors' feet are accused of being too long, yet his stride is said to be too short.

Sixty-four trotting 2-year-olds took records better than 3:30 during the present season.

Texas is now a profitable market for blue grass breeders of thoroughbreds and trotters.

John R. Gentry has signed Felix Carr to ride his string next season. The Jockey's salary will be \$5,000.

C. J. Hamlin and Budd Doble will be among the eastern stars who will shine in California during the winter.

The sale of boxes for those who display themselves in fashion's guise at the New York City National Horse show realized \$30,000.

Byron McClelland is to erect a palatial residence at Lexington. This he will do out of the proceeds of Henry of Navarre's winnings.

Minchaha, the dam of Beautiful Belle, dam of Direct 2:30 performers, is still living and is now believed to be in foal to a son of Direct Prince.

Recounted by probably the whitest favorite for the Derby. He is a full brother to Chidwick and is the property of H. McMahon, the owner of Inslang.

THE PHILOSOPHER.
A rogue is a roundabout fool.—Cole ridge.

Rank and riches are chains of gold, but still chains.—Burling.

Of all virtues justice is the best. Valor without it is a common pest.—Waller.

In the meanest life is a romance, if you but know the hearts there.—Van Rens.

What is kind to a man is not kind to his dead ancestors to have left such an offspring.—Sir P. Sidney.

There is as much responsibility in imposing your own secrets as in keeping those of your neighbor.—Burling.

Glocca and sadness are poison to us, the origin of hysterics, which is a disease of the imagination caused by vexation and sorrows.—F. Schlegel.

Perhaps some habitant of faroff star, born to the heritage of loftier powers, although we cannot scan his glowing words, yet surely ours.—M. E. W.

Men perished in winter winds till one smote fire from flintstones coldly hiding what they held—the red spark treasured from the first time in Schenck's Out. Apparently Mr. Howells' "Samson" has not Samsonian strength, for nothing has been heard of it since.—Rochester Union.

Friend—The critic of the New York says that your book shows not the faintest ray of genius and contains not a single sentence that belongs to literature. Success, full Author—Burling. I've made \$40,000 out of that book, and I'll bet he didn't get over \$15 for his criticism.—New York Weekly.

BROTHER TALMAGE.
The new plan of evangelized work decided upon by Dr. Talmage will doubtless meet with widespread favor. He is too big a man to be confined to narrow spheres of action.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Talmage has resigned, but such a man as Talmage is never allowed to remain long out of a job. He would be sure of a going to Chicago.—Boston Herald.

The Rev. Dr. Talmage's resignation as pastor of the Rockville Church was unexpected. He and his people have been unfortunate, and their church has three times been destroyed by fire. The burden laid upon them was greater than they could bear.—Baltimore American.

A PEN PICTURE.
The Man Had Not Meant to Make Trouble, but Was Unfortunate.

"A strong wind had set in from the sea, banking huge masses of clouds over the city. The rain descended in a blinding, staggering deluge, and solid sheets of fire flashed about the angry skies, followed by crashing peals of thunder. The gloom was excessive. The lights in the streets cast a fitful, sickly glare over the wet pavements and the few belated pedestrians who were hastening home. It was a night for dark thoughts and darker deeds.

I laid aside the book which I had been reading—an absurdly impossible tale of midnight horrors and ghastly crimes—and sat moodily looking at the raindrops chasing madly down the window pane and at the fierce night without. The cabbies in the street below were swearing, and the call bells in the hotel were clanging like wild.

JAPANNED WARE.

A piece of China would be a suitable present to the emperor of Japan.—New York Recorder.

Japan is lucky in having commanders who make it unnecessary for her to hire foreign mercenaries.—New York Sun.

China evidently made a mistake. She thought the scum with Japan was for points instead of a finish.—Columbus Journal.

Japan simply played the deuce with China, and it wasn't possible for the latter to get over it with a tea tray.—Philadelphia Times.

Li Hung Chang is not fond of comic opera, but there is reason to think that he is about ready to listen to the minkids.—New York World.

"The Chinese fleet" reads a telegraphic headline, they have "to be escape with whole skins, and often they are not fleet enough.—Kansas City Journal.

Before Japan actually goes to work to cut up this Chinese pie she is sure to be forcibly reminded that the European powers have an interest in it.—Boston Globe.

The Jap should not be deprived of the fruits of his victory over the Japans by European interference. The powers should stand off. It will do the Chinese empire good to be agitated.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

It would be playing it rather "low down" on Japan for the European powers to check her in the tide of victory and compel her to surrender the fruits of her splendid prowess.—Minneapolis Tribune.

The Chinese have one very strong weapon which may be utilized when the Japs enter Peking—namely, their picture galleries. Any ordinary mortal would be scared to death at the pictures of their gods and goddesses.—Chattanooga Times.

HOUSEKEEPERS, LISTEN!
Did you ever clean vingers bottles with crushed eggshells in a little water?

Did you ever use an oyster for baiting a rat? You will catch him sure!

Did you ever try to discover the easiest methods of accomplishing the household tasks?

Did you ever realize the importance of eating the steak after it is broiled, not before?

Did you ever notice the difference between old and new flour when used for pastry? The old is always preferred.

Did you ever brush your coat over with the white of an egg before putting the fruit in it? It will keep it from becoming "seggy."

Did you ever have occasion to clean paintbrushes in which the paint had partly hardened? First soak them in turpentine, then clean with soap and water.

Did you ever have baking dishes or cups spoiled by remaining too long in the hot oven? The brown discolorations may be rubbed off with a flannel dipped in whitening.

Did you ever want to tint the cake frosting? Lemon juice will whiten it, the grated rind of an orange strained through a cloth will give it a yellow tint, and shawberry or cranberry juice will produce a pretty shade of pink.

Did you ever make excellent iron holds and at the same time utilize the tops of a pair of worn-out boots or shoes? Cut the leather into squares and cover it with some suitable material, using as many thick pieces of leather as desired and wiping it closely in place. These will prove very serviceable.

THE LITERARY CHAP.
"What book has helped you most?" inquired Miss Rubright, and after a long thoughtful Cholly replied, "My book of thirteenth century."—Truth.

The first thought that is inspired by the publication of Gladstone's translation of the Bible is that it is a long time yet before the Grand Old Man is translated.—Boston Herald.

A western newspaper has an advertisement in which the subscriber is asked to teach any one "the poetry business in six weeks." Hat of Hamlin Garland, and has it come to you.—Atlanta Constitution.

"Could you use a little more of minute asked the poet. "I guess I could," replied the editor. "There are two broken panes of glass and a hole in the skylight. How large is it?"—Atlanta Constitution.

A play by W. D. Howells entitled "Samson," a dramatization of the story about the strong man of the Bible, was acted for the first time in Schenck's Out. Apparently Mr. Howells' "Samson" has not Samsonian strength, for nothing has been heard of it since.—Rochester Union.

Friend—The critic of the New York says that your book shows not the faintest ray of genius and contains not a single sentence that belongs to literature. Success, full Author—Burling. I've made \$40,000 out of that book, and I'll bet he didn't get over \$15 for his criticism.—New York Weekly.

BROTHER TALMAGE.
The new plan of evangelized work decided upon by Dr. Talmage will doubtless meet with widespread favor. He is too big a man to be confined to narrow spheres of action.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Talmage has resigned, but such a man as Talmage is never allowed to remain long out of a job. He would be sure of a going to Chicago.—Boston Herald.

The Rev. Dr. Talmage's resignation as pastor of the Rockville Church was unexpected. He and his people have been unfortunate, and their church has three times been destroyed by fire. The burden laid upon them was greater than they could bear.—Baltimore American.

A PEN PICTURE.
The Man Had Not Meant to Make Trouble, but Was Unfortunate.

"A strong wind had set in from the sea, banking huge masses of clouds over the city. The rain descended in a blinding, staggering deluge, and solid sheets of fire flashed about the angry skies, followed by crashing peals of thunder. The gloom was excessive. The lights in the streets cast a fitful, sickly glare over the wet pavements and the few belated pedestrians who were hastening home. It was a night for dark thoughts and darker deeds.

I laid aside the book which I had been reading—an absurdly impossible tale of midnight horrors and ghastly crimes—and sat moodily looking at the raindrops chasing madly down the window pane and at the fierce night without. The cabbies in the street below were swearing, and the call bells in the hotel were clanging like wild.

Suddenly in the adjoining room I heard a sharp click like the cooking of a firearm. The connecting door was unlocked, and I saw a man in a dark suit, with a lighted cigar in his mouth, and a heavy fall. Pale as a specter, I sprang, tottering, toward the door to escape, and with a horrified scream fell crashing to the floor in a dead swoon.

I awoke with a start. The connecting door was wide open. Above my prostrate form stood a rough looking man in his shirt sleeves. This right hand was bloody. I seemed to feel his clutches on my throat already and closed my eyes with a gasp. I opened them again cautiously. In his bloody grasp he held the shattered remains of an electric light globe.

"Sorry, stranger," he said, "but I tried to open the damned thing to light up, and hit busted."—Atlanta Constitution.

THE PAPER WAS HIS.

He Proved It Though He Hated to Give the Necessary Evidence.

The habit in vogue of leaving mail on top of public letter boxes surprises foreigners. In England the street corner, box corresponding to our receptacle is properly named "pillar," being large enough to accommodate ten times the mail of our small boxes. These "pillars" have openings large enough to admit papers and any ordinary package. The same kind of receptacles are to be seen in Canada, where consequently substitutions are less of a necessity.

There is no doubt that packages of value are constantly stolen from the top of letter boxes.

A well dressed young man came at a flying run round the corner of an up town street the other evening and snatching a paper from the top of a letter box turned to retrace his steps. As he did so he ran right into the arms of a postman.

"Hi there! Stealing mail, no less. Give me that paper, young man. I guess this is a case for a policeman."

"It's my own paper, protested the young man, which you know minutes ago, I wanted to get it back for something."

"What's the address on it?" asked a policeman who was on hand.

"Foggy," said the postman. "He had lots of time to read that."

"You can go on," said the policeman. "I'll attend to the paper and settle this case."

"Can you," he continued, with the air of a Solomon, "tell me anything there was in that paper?"

"No," said the young man with embarrassed frankness, "I cannot."

"Looks bad," said the policeman. "What were you sending it away for?"

"I can't tell that either."

"Oh, see here," said the policeman, "this looks mighty fishy—sending papers about which you know nothing and then want them to get off on that, you know. Guess I'll have to take you to the station house."

"I'll swear," said the young man, "the paper's mine. Do I look like a thief?"

"No," said the policeman hesitatingly, "you don't, and what's to steal in a newspaper anyway bothers me. But to speak the truth now, are you a kleptomaniac?"

"No, you jolly old duffer, I'm not, and you don't want to arrest me either for a thief or a kleptomaniac. Give me back that paper and I'll swear I'll never try again to cheat the government. That paper contains a pair of gloves intended for a lady in Mexico. It's the wrong pair. I put in my own No. 7½, in a hurry, and her sizes are at home. Now tear open, see for yourself, and say no more about it."

"You bloom in silly," was all the policeman said. "What in creation made you leave your sweetheart's gloves on top of any letter box?"

"New York Herald."

There is a superstition in China that if you send for a charm the moment you feel sick you will get well. In this country there is a similar superstition about sending for a doctor.—Boston Transcript.

Furniture!

We wish to call attention to the fact that we have concluded to add to our business a complete line of

FURNITURE at Retail,

and are prepared to offer

Extremely Low Prices.

Oak Chambersuits, Sideboards,

Extension, Library and Center

Tables, Couches, Lounges,

Spring Beds, Mattresses, Easy

Chairs, Revolving Chairs,

and in fact most anything

in the furniture line.

If you are contemplating furnishing a home or any part of a home, now is the time to do it, as the bottom is reached in

and a rise is sure to come.

Call and see us and get our prices on

which were never so cheap as at the present time.

BETHEL CHAIR CO.,

Bethel, Maine.

Look Here!

Do you need anything in the line of

Horses, Carriages or Stable Furnishings?

If so you should purchase them of YOUNG. Why? Because he has the best assortment of goods to be found. His prices are low. All goods guaranteed as represented.

Bethel House,

W. F. Lovejoy & Son, Prop'rs.
BETHEL HILL, MAINE.

This popular house has been repaired since last season, the stable and - after buildings have been moved to the rear of the house, leaving the view of the mountains unobstructed. Parties wanting a quiet summer home will find this one of the most desirable places in the Mountain region.

FRUIT, CONFECTIONERY,

GROCERIES, CANNED GOODS

Tobacco and Cigars.
Best Prices Paid for Eggs in Exchange for Goods at

R. E. L. FARWELL'S,
NO. 72 MAIN ST. - BETHEL, MAINE.

There
Are
Some
Things

That a child
can do as well
as a grown person.

For Instance:

Any child in town can purchase groceries at our store as cheaply as the most experienced housewife. This is a very great deal, but it is not the only thing we can do for you. We will also give you the best of service and the most reasonable prices.

We have a good line of Choice Family Groceries, Fruit, Confectionery, Sporting Goods, etc.

J. E. BRYANT,
Bethel, Maine.

BICYCLES

Don't make a mistake.
Remington Bicycles are
the best.

The Dirigo is a dandy for
\$67.50.
The Templar can't be
beat for \$50.

A full line of Sundries.
Repairing promptly done.
Wheels to let.

S. N. BUCK,
BETHEL, MAINE.

Irving Kimball,

PHOTO ARTIST

East Bethel, - Maine.

Finest work in all branches of
the art.

Bethel views a specialty.

The Public

are respectfully informed that we
have on hand and for sale at Rock
Bottom Prices a nice line of Fancy,
Domestic, and

DRESS GOODS,
especially adapted to the season.

We also make a specialty of

DRESS TRIMMINGS,
LADIES' PRINT WRAPPERS,
WAISTS,

COTTON UNDERWEAR, HOSIERY,
GLOVES, MITTS, &c.

Also a carefully Selected Stock of

BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS,
at prices as low as the lowest.

FLOUR,
West India Goods and

GROCERIES.

of the best quality at prices to
suit Customers.

Don't take our word for it but
call and examine, and be convinced.

G. P. BEAN,

DR. MAIN & CHURCH STS., BETHEL, ME.

J. C. Billings,

Manufacturer of and dealer in all
kinds of

Carriages & Sleighs,

Top and Open Buggies,
Surreys, Concord Wagons
and two seated Wagons.

Prices and Terms as good
as can be found anywhere.

Call and see them before
purchasing.

J. C. Billings,

BETHEL, MAINE.

Subscribe
now.

Subscribe for yourself.

Subscribe and be happy.

Subscribe for all your friends.

DANGER OF BEER DRINKING.

An Insidious Enemy That Is Invading Re-

spectable Homes.

Every kind of intoxicant sold by the
liquor salar and sought after by the de-
bauched appetites drunk for the sake of
the alcohol there is in it. Leave alcohol
out of lager beer, and a man would as
soon suck a faucet from an offal wagon
as to touch the nasty stuff. It is for the
alcohol that is in it that the drinker is
willing to swallow the slop.

There is no greater delusion than
that the popular saloon drinks are aids
to physical development and of food val-
ue. A great German chemist, after many
years of thorough experiment, says that
he has proved with mathematical ac-
curacy that the amount of nourishment
you may take upon the point of a table
knife inserted into a sack of flour con-
tains absolutely more nourishment than
the physical organism that the nourish-
ment contained in eight quarts of the
best Bavarian beer, and that if a person
is able to drink two gallons of beer each
day in the year he would get about the
same amount of nutrition from the beer
in 12 months that he would by consum-
ing a five pound loaf of bread or three
pounds of lean meat.

I press this question of beer home
upon your attention because I am satis-
fied that there is more danger at this
point for young men—and young wom-
en, too—than at any other. Since I be-
came pastor of this church in Brooklyn
I have had the excuse made to me by a
respectable young married woman, "This
is a very great deal, but it is not the only
thing we can do for you. We will also
give you the best of service and the most
reasonable prices."

We have a good line of Choice Family
Groceries, Fruit, Confectionery, Sporting
Goods, etc.

J. E. BRYANT,
Bethel, Maine.

BICYCLES

Don't make a mistake.
Remington Bicycles are
the best.

The Dirigo is a dandy for
\$67.50.
The Templar can't be
beat for \$50.

A full line of Sundries.
Repairing promptly done.
Wheels to let.

S. N. BUCK,
BETHEL, MAINE.

Irving Kimball,

PHOTO ARTIST

East Bethel, - Maine.

Finest work in all branches of
the art.

Bethel views a specialty.

The Public

are respectfully informed that we
have on hand and for sale at Rock
Bottom Prices a nice line of Fancy,
Domestic, and

DRESS GOODS,
especially adapted to the season.

We also make a specialty of

DRESS TRIMMINGS,
LADIES' PRINT WRAPPERS,
WAISTS,

COTTON UNDERWEAR, HOSIERY,
GLOVES, MITTS, &c.

Also a carefully Selected Stock of

BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS,
at prices as low as the lowest.

FLOUR,
West India Goods and

GROCERIES.

of the best quality at prices to
suit Customers.

Don't take our word for it but
call and examine, and be convinced.

G. P. BEAN,

DR. MAIN & CHURCH STS., BETHEL, ME.

J. C. Billings,

Manufacturer of and dealer in all
kinds of

Carriages & Sleighs,

Top and Open Buggies,
Surreys, Concord Wagons
and two seated Wagons.

Prices and Terms as good
as can be found anywhere.

Call and see them before
purchasing.

J. C. Billings,

BETHEL, MAINE.

Subscribe
now.

Subscribe for yourself.

Subscribe and be happy.

Subscribe for all your friends.

HE TIPPLES NO MORE

A TRAMP PRINTER OPENS A MODER-

ATE DRINKER'S EYES.

Danger of Tampering With Whisky Made
Clear to His Vision—Comfort Without
Strong Drink—Terrible Significance of
the Words "What Did It?"

It was a fair spring morning when
there drifted into my printing office a
specimen of the tramp printer. He was
ragged, thin and weather beaten and
bore the unmistakable signs of long and
constant contact with red liquor. But,
in spite of this, I was glad to see him.
He gave him hearty welcome. Opening
my table drawer, I produced for him a
quart of the best "Lincoln county." His
old eyes fairly danced in their sockets
as he clutched vainly at the corks.

"Well," he said, reaching for the bot-
tle, "it is a habit which I seldom in-
dulge in, but I have had a nasty tramp of
it, and my throat and lungs are sore. I
regard it, sir, as the greatest curse of the
age." So saying he gulped down, with-
out a frown or a wink of the eye, a
quantity that would have been fatal to
any other man. He then turned to me
and, without an exception, he directly re-
fused to be the use of alcoholic stimulants.
This infernal bottle" (taking it for the
sixth time from his month and stroking
it soothingly) "is a veritable germinal
of misery."

"If anybody had ever drunk whisky,
nobody would be poor and wretched.
The serpent that entered Eden, sir, was a
copper wire, and that same snake has
traced its slimy way about the earth
since the first of time, and every life
entered into it has been blighted, and every
it has ever touched has been ruined. Its
record is one of want and degradation
and shame, its form is a blasphemy, and
its birthplace is hell!"

"And now to the point," he resumed.
"After another long pull at the bottle, I
have hit upon a happy idea for battling
effectually with this cursed foe to soci-
ety and good government, and I believe
you are a gentleman of enough appreci-
ation to join in it with me. Besides, I
am going to make a fortune at it, and
I don't mind sharing with you, if you
will assist me in the project. I have
named it to every newspaper man I
have met between here and Boston, and
none of them has had judgment and
humanity enough to appreciate its pos-
sibilities. Now, the first thing you want
to do is to put people to thinking. Once
gotten to weigh the awful question
seriously, and the total annihilation
of the whisky traffic is an easy matter.
My purpose is to start a paper. It is to
be a temperance paper, but on a novel
order. The name of the paper will be
"What Did It?" This will attract the
public attention, to start with. The
contents of the paper will be equally
novel. These will consist solely of re-
ports of crime and disaster clipped from
the daily press. They will be printed
in full, headlines and all, just as they
originally appeared, with proper credit
given the paper from which they were
taken. The only comment of any kind
our paper will contain will be a single
line type line at the bottom of each
article and will be always the same, to-
wiz: "What Did It?" This will be
enough to make the reader stop and
think, and that is all we want. The
proper answer will be sufficiently patent
to force itself on all."

"Springing up excitedly, he demanded
with enthusiasm, "What do you think
of it?"

"Excellent! Capital!" I responded,
for I had touched the bottle a few times
myself.

I asked him to dinner with me, but
he declined. After dinner I returned to
the office and found upon opening the
door that he was still there, but the bot-
tle was empty.

He was seated at the table, leaned
back, with his head buried in his folded
arms. I spoke to him, but he did not
answer. I laid my hand on his shoulder,
but he did not move. I raised his rough,
grimy hand. It was wet with his old
heart's last, best tears, and cold in
death.

Before him on the table lay a sheet of
white paper, and on it was scrawled in
unshapely characters the single line:
"What Did It?"

I had been up to this time what peo-
ple call "a moderate drinker," and had
never before been able to see any real
harm in an occasional dram. Seldom
taking two drinks in the same day, I
nevertheless kept a bottle always at
hand in my office and at times referred
to it for "comfort."

The needed lesson had been taught me.
The office bottle went into the office
window, never to return again. I re-
solved from that moment never, God be-
ing my helper, to tamper with evil
again, and I have kept my resolution
broken. Nor is it any trouble to find
"comfort," but it is the comfort of the
consciousness of a day well spent in the
harness of duty—a comfort far greater
and dearer than any that ever came from
the use of strong drink.—R. McF.
Fields in Voice.

FLINGS AT GOTHAM.

New York is a safe place for a cat show.
Cats have nine lives apiece.—Chicago Re-
cord.

It is the general belief that when Mr.
Roosevelt goes in good working order as
police commissioner, something in New
York will be heard to buzz.—Indianapolis
News.

New York is very progressive. It seems
that she even insists upon having her
census reports made to most complete ac-
curacy in advance of the time.—Chicago
Record.

It will be an astonishing thing for New
Yorkers when a detective is ordered to
understand that sudden jolts and violent
blows may be successfully resisted and no injury
done to the muscles and bones underneath.

New York is a very progressive city. It
seems that she even insists upon having her
census reports made to most complete ac-
curacy in advance of the time.—Chicago
Record.

New York is a very progressive city. It
seems that she even insists upon having her
census reports made to most complete ac-
curacy in advance of the time.—Chicago
Record.

New York is a very progressive city. It
seems that she even insists upon having her
census reports made to most complete ac-
curacy in advance of the time.—Chicago
Record.

New York is a very progressive city. It
seems that she even insists upon having her
census reports made to most complete ac-
curacy in advance of the time.—Chicago
Record.

New York is a very progressive city. It
seems that she even insists upon having her
census reports made to most complete ac-
curacy in advance of the time.—Chicago
Record.

New York is a very progressive city. It
seems that she even insists upon having her
census reports made to most complete ac-
curacy in advance of the time.—Chicago
Record.

New York is a very progressive city. It
seems that she even insists upon having her
census reports made to most complete ac-
curacy in advance of the time.—Chicago
Record.

New York is a very progressive city. It
seems that she even insists upon having her
census reports made to most complete ac-
curacy in advance of the time.—Chicago
Record.

New York is a very progressive city. It
seems that she even insists upon having her
census reports made to most complete ac-
curacy in advance of the time.—Chicago
Record.

New York is a very progressive city. It
seems that she even insists upon having her
census reports made to most complete ac-
curacy in advance of the time.—Chicago
Record.

New York is a very progressive city. It
seems that she even insists upon having her
census reports made to most complete ac-
curacy in advance of the time.—Chicago
Record.

New York is a very progressive city. It
seems that she even insists upon having her
census reports made to most complete ac-
curacy in advance of the time.—Chicago
Record.

New York is a very progressive city. It
seems that she even insists upon having her
census reports made to most complete ac-
curacy in advance of the time.—Chicago
Record.

New York is a very progressive city. It
seems that she even insists upon having her
census reports made to most complete ac-
curacy in advance of the time.—Chicago
Record.

New York is a very progressive city. It
seems that she even insists upon having her
census reports made to most complete ac-
curacy in advance of the time.—Chicago
Record.

EFFECTS OF INEBRIETY.

When Fugured Up They Make a Sad Con-

dition of Human Affairs.

The man and woman of intemperate
habits cannot realize their pitiable con-
dition as it really exists. The evil habit
begins by an indifference to the effects of
their intemperance from the evil which at
first the victim falsely imagines to pos-
sess charms, for we even know that his
saturnal majesty is said to have possessed
his own peculiar charms, but the evil
habit grows from day to day, until the
first temporary exhilaration. Physiology
truly teaches us that an organ or set of
organs overexcited by any stimulant be-
comes weak and damaged. Therefore if
the brain be overstimulated by alcohol
it becomes weak and the possessor of
or of such brain is devoid of the vital
courage to resist the temptation or habit
of indulging in what at first was thought
only to be a seductive pleasure, but
which now has its headless fetters thor-
oughly riveted about his neck.

Not only does the brain suffer, but all
the other organs of the body, both the
voluntary and the involuntary, but the
brain is the origin and center both of
the mental and physical powers of the
body. We are not aware of the fact that
the alcohol drunk and taken from them
to make a lamentable condition of human
affairs.—Dr. W. C. McNeil in Denver
Golden Age.

ABSINTHE AND BITTERS.

How the French Increase the Evil of Al-

cohol.

There is no doubt the drink question
is complicated all over France with the
growth of absinthe and bitters drinking
before meals. Here the evils of alcohol
are increased by the harmful qualities of
the absinthe (wormwood), hyssop, sa-
von, fennel, anise, badiane, (anise seed),
angelica, wild marjoram and the various
milds—which are in-
fused in the distillation.

Dr. Magnan, at St. Anne's hospital
for the insane, of the Paris
Faculty, has investigated this subject, and
practical experiments with dogs. The
essence of absinthe (the most poisonous
of all these substances), hyssop and fen-
nec to join in it with me. Besides, I
am going to make a fortune at it, and
I don't mind sharing with you, if you
will assist me in the project. I have
named it to every newspaper man I
have met between here and Boston, and
none of them has had judgment and
humanity enough to appreciate its pos-
sibilities. Now, the first thing you want
to do is to put people to thinking. Once
gotten to weigh the awful question
seriously, and the total annihilation
of the whisky traffic is an easy matter.
My purpose is to start a paper. It is to
be a temperance paper, but on a novel
order. The name of the paper will be
"What Did It?" This will attract the
public attention, to start with. The
contents of the paper will be equally
novel. These will consist solely of re-
ports of crime and disaster clipped from
the daily press. They will be printed
in full, headlines and all, just as they
originally appeared, with proper credit
given the paper from which they were
taken. The only comment of any kind
our paper will contain will be a single
line type line at the bottom of each
article and will be always the same, to-
wiz: "What Did It?" This will be
enough to make the reader stop and
think, and that is all we want. The
proper answer will be sufficiently patent
to force itself on all."

"Springing up excitedly, he demanded
with enthusiasm, "What do you think
of it?"

"Excellent! Capital!" I responded,
for I had touched the bottle a few times
myself.

I asked him to dinner with me, but
he declined. After dinner I returned to
the office and found upon opening the
door that he was still there, but the bot-
tle was empty.

He was seated at the table, leaned
back, with his head buried in his folded
arms. I spoke to him, but he did not
answer. I laid my hand on his shoulder,
but he did not move. I raised his rough,
grimy hand. It was wet with his old
heart's last, best tears, and cold in
death.

Before him on the table lay a sheet of
white paper, and on it was scrawled in
unshapely characters the single line:
"What Did It?"

I had been up to this time what peo-
ple call "a moderate drinker," and had
never before been able to see any real
harm in an occasional dram. Seldom
taking two drinks in the same day, I
nevertheless kept a bottle always at
hand in my office and at times referred
to it for "comfort."

The needed lesson had been taught me.
The office bottle went into the office
window, never to return again. I re-
solved from that moment never, God be-
ing my helper, to tamper with evil
again, and I have kept my resolution
broken. Nor is it any trouble to find
"comfort," but it is the comfort of the
consciousness of a day well spent in the
harness of duty—a comfort far greater
and dearer than any that ever came from
the use of strong drink.—R. McF.
Fields in Voice.

FLINGS AT GOTHAM.

New York is a safe place for a cat show.
Cats have nine lives apiece.—Chicago Re-
cord.

It is the general belief that when Mr.
Roosevelt goes in good working order as
police commissioner, something in New
York will be heard to buzz.—Indianapolis
News.

New York is very progressive. It seems
that she even insists upon having her
census reports made to most complete ac-
curacy in advance of the time.—Chicago
Record.

It will be an astonishing thing for New
Yorkers when a detective is ordered to
understand that sudden jolts and violent
blows may be successfully resisted and no injury
done to the muscles and bones underneath.

New York is a very progressive city. It
seems that she even insists upon having her
census reports made to most complete ac-
curacy in advance of the time.—Chicago
Record.

New York is a very progressive city. It
seems that she even insists upon having her
census reports made to most complete ac-
curacy in advance of the time.—Chicago
Record.

New York is a very progressive city. It
seems that she even insists upon having her
census reports made to most complete ac-
curacy in advance of the time.—Chicago
Record.

New York is a very progressive city. It
seems that she even insists upon having her
census reports made to most complete ac-
curacy in advance of the time.—Chicago
Record.

New York is a very progressive city. It
seems that she even insists upon having her
census reports made to most complete ac-
curacy in advance of the time.—Chicago
Record.

New York is a very progressive city. It
seems that she even insists upon having her
census reports made to most complete ac-
curacy in advance of the time.—Chicago
Record.

New York is a very progressive city. It
seems that she even insists upon having her
census reports made to most complete ac-
curacy in advance of the time.—Chicago
Record.

New York is a very progressive city. It
seems that she even insists upon having her
census reports made to most complete ac-
curacy in advance of the time.—Chicago
Record.

New York is a very progressive city. It
seems that she even insists upon having her
census reports made to most complete ac-
curacy in advance of the time.—Chicago
Record.

New York is a very progressive city. It
seems that she even insists upon having her
census reports made to most complete ac-
curacy in advance of the time.—Chicago
Record.

New York is a very progressive city. It
seems that she even insists upon having her
census reports made to most complete ac-
curacy in advance of the time.—Chicago
Record.

New York is a very progressive city. It
seems that she even insists upon having her
census reports made to most complete ac-
curacy in advance of the time.—Chicago
Record.

New York is a very progressive city. It
seems that she even insists upon having her
census reports made to most complete ac-
curacy in advance of the time.—Chicago
Record.

New York is a very progressive city. It
seems that she even insists upon having her
census reports made to most complete ac-
curacy in advance of the time.—Chicago
Record.

New York is a very progressive city. It
seems that she even insists upon having her
census reports made to most complete ac-
curacy in advance of the time.—Chicago
Record.

THE POULTRY YARDS.

Purify the Runs and Keep the Birds

Healthy—Methods of Purification.

Many poultry men who keep their
fowls confined to small yards clean the
poultry houses, but never seem to think
of the necessity of purifying the yards. If
a sickness visits their fowls, it is a ter-
rible dispensation of Providence, for
have they not kept the houses clean?
They do not think of the yards, whose
soil has become impregnated with the
droppings of the fowls, and upon which
a green film is never permitted to
grow. Following are methods of puri-
fication recommended by The American
Agriculturist:

First—Where it is possible to do so
cool the yard down to grass or clover
and let it bear a crop one year or raise
upon it a crop of vegetables. Of course
this necessitates two yards for the fowls,
a plan that cannot always be pursued.
One can, with a movable fence, cut
off the fowls from the larger part of the
yard and sow that to some quick grow-
ing crop, like oats, and when it has
grown five or six inches high let the
fowls in upon it. One can spade the
yard in sections, sowing oats at each
spading, and thus secure a little growth
from them and a succession of growths
of green food for the fowls. A growing
crop for one season puts the soil in ex-
cellent condition for the fowls, the crop
removing just the elements that were
injurious to the fowls.

Second—Spading up the yards every
few weeks, either in sections or all at
once, turning up the soil to the action
of the sun and air. Air is the best dis-
infectant we have, and plenty of it will
help to rob the soil of the numerous poi-
sonous to the fowls. Spading will do
for a few years, but after a time it will
not be sufficient.

Third—The removal and casting
away of all manure in the soil and
replacing it with fresh earth. It would
pay a gardener to do this, as the soil
removed is rich in fertilizing matter,
but few have been fortunate enough to
find the gardener to do this. But even
if one has to go to the expense of the re-
moval it pays better to do it than to
have a lot of sick and therefore unpro-
fitable fowls.

Fourth—Temporary relief can be had
by sowing the yards with land plaster.
This will hold the fowls in the yard
and keep the air in a healthful condi-
tion.

Fifth—The soil can be disinfected by
a thorough drenching with sulphate of
copper diluted with water, about one
pound of the former to each bushel of
the latter. The soil should be thor-
oughly drenched. Of all these meth-
ods the simplest is the best—raising

